



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

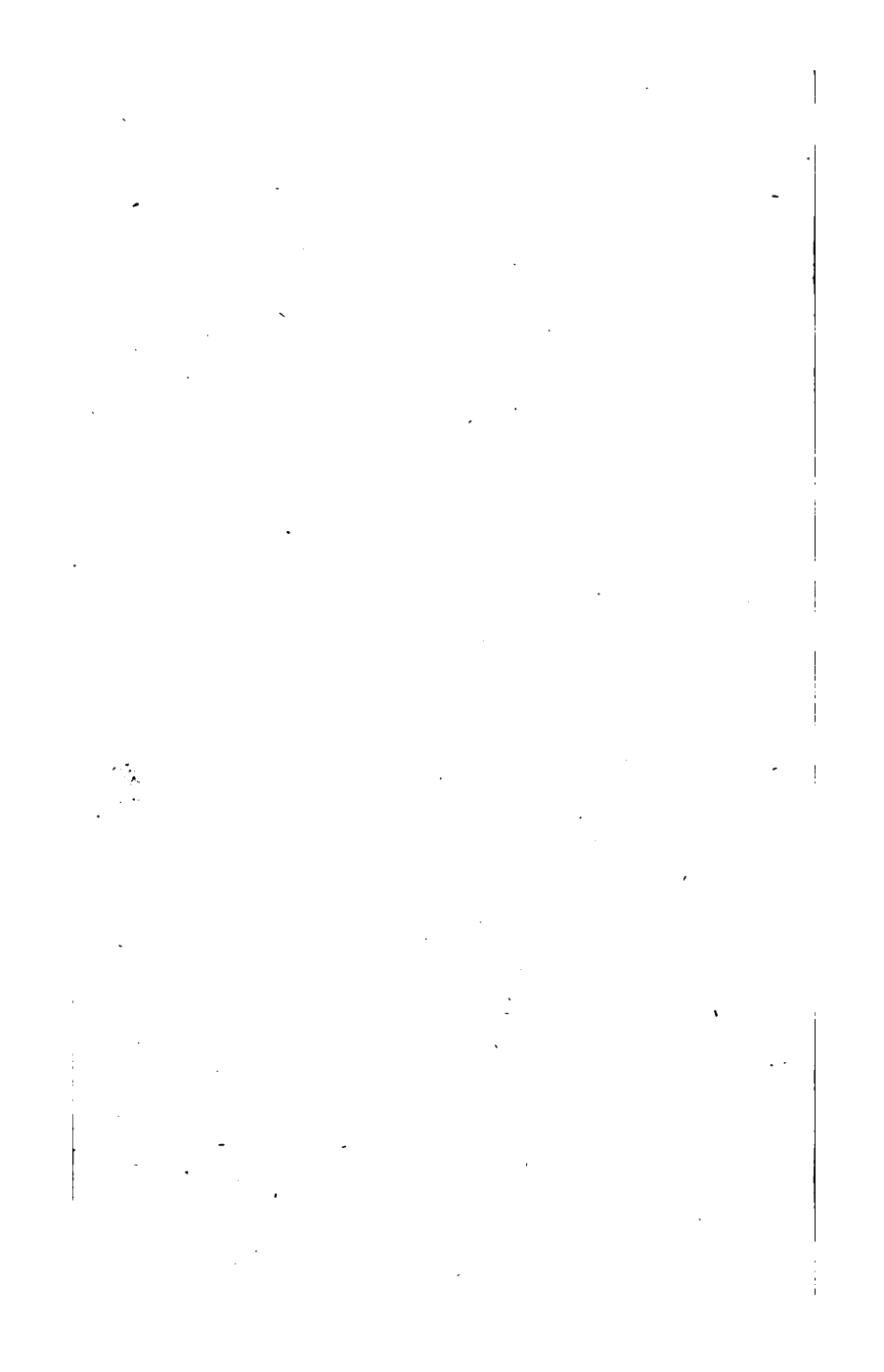


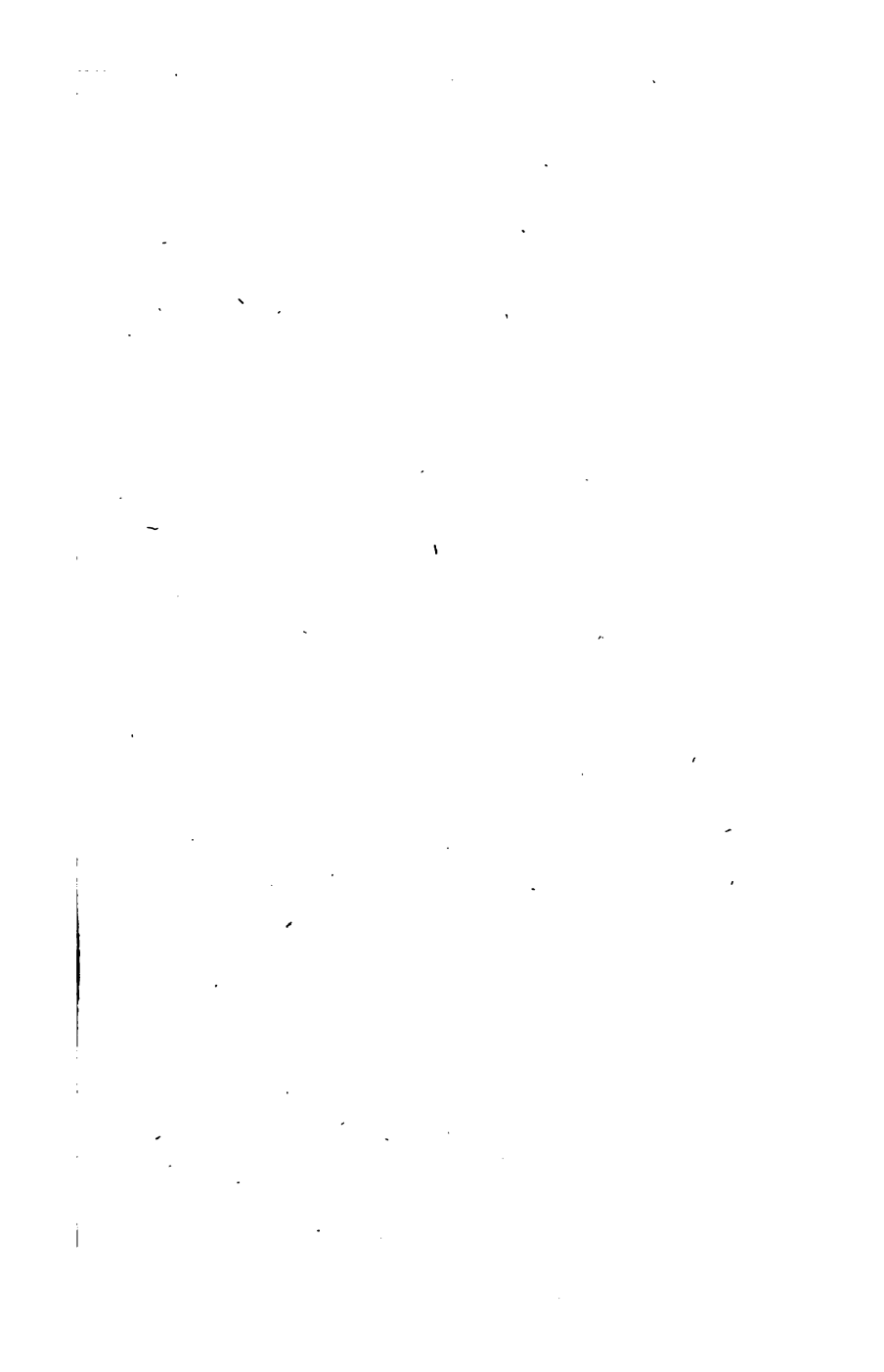


600004808Q

27- 34.







1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	574	575	576	577	578	579	580	581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588	589	590	591	592	593	594	595	596	597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612	613	614	615	616	617	618	619	620	621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628	629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636	637	638	639	640	641	642	643	644	645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652	653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660	661	662	663	664	665	666	667	668	669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676	677	678	679	680	681	682	683	684	685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692	693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750	751	752	753	754	755	756	757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764	765	766	767	768	769	770	771	772	773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780	781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788	789	790	791	792	793	794	795	796	797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812	813	814	815	816	817	818	819	820	821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828	829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836	837	838	839	840	841	842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860	861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946	947	948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968	969	970	971	972	973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980	981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988	989	990	991	992	993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000	1001	1002	1003	1004	1005	1006	1007	1008	1009	1010	1011	1012	1013	1014	1015	1016	1017	1018	1019	1020	1021	1022	1023	1024	1025	1026	1027	1028	1029	1030	1031	1032	1033	1034	1035	1036	1037	1038	1039	1040	1041	1042	1043	1044	1045	1046	1047	1048	1049	1050	1051	1052	1053	1054	1055	1056	1057	1058	1059	1060	1061	1062	1063	1064	1065	1066	1067	1068	1069	1070	1071	1072	1073	1074	1075	1076	1077	1078	1079	1080	1081	1082	1083	1084	1085	1086	1087	1088	1089	1090	1091	1092	1093	1094	1095	1096	1097	1098	1099	1100	1101	1102	1103	1104	1105	1106	1107	1108	1109	1110	1111	1112	1113	1114	1115	1116	1117	1118	1119	1120	1121	1122	1123	1124	1125	1126	1127	1128	1129	1130	1131	1132	1133	1134	1135	1136	1137	1138	1139	1140	1141	1142	1143	1144	1145	1146	1147	1148	1149	1150	1151	1152	1153	1154	1155	1156	1157	1158	1159	1160	1161	1162	1163	1164	1165	1166	1167	1168	1169	1170	1171	1172	1173	1174	1175	1176	1177	1178	1179	1180	1181	1182	1183	1184	1185	1186	1187	1188	1189	1190	1191	1192	1193	1194	1195	1196	1197	1198	1199	1200	1201	1202	1203	1204	1205	1206	1207	1208	1209	1210	1211	1212	1213	1214	1215	1216	1217	1218	1219	1220	1221	1222	1223	1224	1225	1226	1227	1228	1229	1230	1231	1232	1233	1234	1235	1236	1237	1238	1239	1240	1241	1242	1243	1244	1245	1246	1247	1248	1249	1250	1251	1252	1253	1254	1255	1256	1257	1258	1259	1260	1261	1262	1263	1264	1265	1266	1267	1268	1269	1270	1271	1272	1273	1274	1275	1276	1277	1278	1279	1280	1281	1282	1283	1284	1285	1286	1287	1288	1289	1290	1291	1292	1293	1294	1295	1296	1297	1298	1299	1300	1301	1302	1303	1304	1305	1306	1307	1308	1309	1310	1311	1312	1313	1314	1315	1316	1317	1318	1319	1320	1321	1322	1323	1324	1325	1326	1327	1328	1329	1330	1331	1332	1333	1334	1335	1336	1337	1338	1339	1340	1341	1342	1343	1344	1345	1346	1347	1348	1349	1350	1351	1352	1353	1354	1355	1356	1357	1358	1359	1360	1361	1362	1363	1364	1365	1366	1367	1368	1369	1370	1371	1372	1373	1374	1375	1376	1377	1378	1379	1380	1381	1382	1383	1384	1385	1386	1387	1388	1389	1390	1391	1392	1393	1394	1395	1396	1397	1398	1399	1400	1401	1402	1403	1404	1405	1406	1407	1408	1409	1410	1411	1412	1413	1414	1415	1416	1417	1418	1419	1420	1421	1422	1423	1424	1425	1426	1427	1428	1429	1430	1431	1432	1433	1434	1435	1436	1437	1438	1439	1440	1441	1442	1443	1444	1445	1446	1447	1448	1449	1450	1451	1452	1453	1454	1455	1456	1457	1458	1459	1460	1461	1462	1463	1464	1465	1466	1467	1468	1469	1470	1471	1472	1473	1474	1475	1476	1477	1478	1479	1480	1481	1482	1483	1484	1485	1486
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------	------



BOYLE FARM.

A POEM.

JUST PUBLISHED,
BY EDWARD BULL, 26, HOLLES-STREET.
Dedicated by Permission to his Majesty.—Handsomely
printed in 3 vols. crown 8vo. price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

THE
ROMANCE OF HISTORY,
England.

By HENRY NEELE.

“Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.”—*Lord Byron.*

“The plan is excellent. It consists of a tale, founded either on legendary lore, tradition, or historical fact, for every monarch’s reign, from William the Conqueror to Charles the First, inclusive. It necessarily follows that there is great variety, both of interest and character. The early monkish superstitions are succeeded by stern chivalry: and chivalry yields in turn to the gradual alteration of national manners, as we descend the stream of time to the latest period. Mr. Neele has bestowed great pains upon his many topics, and displays much ability in his treatment of them.”—*Literary Gazette.*

ALSO

*In Three Vols. Post 8vo. Price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.**

DE LISLE;
OR,
THE DISTRUSTFUL MAN.

J. 1828
✓ 11

BOYLE FARM.

A POEM.

"Boyle Farm was famous in the annals of last fashionable season
for a fête given there by some five persons of the highest ton."

Literary Gazette.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, HOLLES STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1827.

~~36.~~



LONDON

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE era in the fashionable world which is celebrated in the following poem, was one so striking and brilliant, and the poem itself is so graceful, spirited, and characteristic of the high society which it delineates, that the publisher has thought that he could not perform a more acceptable service to the *beau monde* than by pre-

senting it with this literary *brochure* in a distinct form. Poems and novels, affecting to give pictures of fashionable life, have latterly abounded; but unhappily it has too frequently occurred, either that the author's station in society was such that he could not possibly be acquainted with the scenes and characters which formed the subject of his work, or that if he were one of that privileged class to whom the mysteries of high life are revealed, he was not possessed of taste and genius sufficient to elevate him to a high rank among the *literati* of the country. The noble author

of Boyle Farm, however, is highly gifted in both particulars, and the illustrious house of Trentham, which in the fourteenth century produced the father of English poetry, "the moral Gower," has in the nineteenth won for itself fresh laurels, which bid fair to be as enduring as those which grew up in the olden time.

*26, Holles-street, Cavendish Square,
Nov. 3, 1827.*

THE
FOLLOWING STATEMENT

IS FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE, IN WHICH THIS INTERESTING POEM ORIGINALLY APPEARED.

B—E F—M, or BOYLE FARM, was famous in the annals of last fashionable season, for a fête given there by some five persons of the highest *ton*. The supreme pleasures to be enjoyed on such occasions can only be surmised by those who undergo the operation of attending them,—can only be guessed at by the cruel envy

BOYLE FARM.

A POËM.

BOYLE FARM.

THOU sentient tube, whose secret spell
For sixpence Brougham explains so well,
That from the kitchen to the attics
Each household dabbles in pneumatics !
How have I watched thy liquid ore,
And bow'd thy mystic shrine before,

To learn, if so the gods allow'd,
The destiny of sun or cloud,
Decreed by kind or angry heaven
For June the thirtieth, twenty-seven !
Long had the falling glass requited
That hapless race the uninvited,
Who placed their pleasure and their pride in
The subtle mercury's subsiding.
In taunting tone they spoke their trust,
" That storms like these would lay the dust.
A hundred water-carts prepared !
At least that outlay may be spared."

Thus gibed they, and condemn'd us all
To misery and a wet Vauxhall.

Meek hope and humble faith despises
Such warnings.—Lo ! the index rises ;
The joyous face of heaven the while
Resumes the universal smile,
Which neither heaven nor man deny
To thee, good-humour'd A—y.

Oft have I seen in Biscay's main,
When head to wind some ship has lain,

Sore struggling with the tempest's forces,
With masts made snug and close-reef'd courses,
Sudden exulting sailors hail
The omens of a favouring gale,
Stay-sail and flying gib unroll'd,
Quit the dark caverns of the hold ;
To shake the reefs out every hand
Is busy, every yard is mann'd—
Till like a butterfly she sweeps,
With all her mighty wings, the deeps.

'Tis thus from handboxes and presses
Confiding Beauty culls her dresses,

And more determined forth she draws
The snow-white slip, the virgin gauze.
Pledge of her trust in wind and weather,
She bids it droop, the graceful feather,
Fearful no more lest rain should spoil it,
That pride of all the morning toilette;
Bracelet and chain conclude the list
Round the fair neck and loaded wrist,
Of various mineral and mould,
Iron from Berlin, India's gold,
Vienna's talismanic signs,
The Koran's efficacious lines.

Sure, when the dress of former ages
Our children's scrutiny engages,
When antiquarians explore
The bracelets which their mothers wore,
Some future bard will rise to praise
The female strength of former days,
And show this weight of golden fetters,
To prove their grandmothers their betters.

'Tis done; the last has left its place
Of rest in that red oblong case,

Whose well-known form and hue explains
So well the treasure it contains ;
And, as the taper wrist it rounded,
Gently the clicking clasp has sounded.

Now, each amusement antedating,
I see her at the window waiting,
Like ship for fight or speed prepared,
Her sails all bent, her yards all squared ;
Which, mann'd with hands and hearts all able,
Lies with a spring upon her cable,

And waits the telegraph's command,
To gain her offering from the land.

Soft, ere the carriage step descends,
And ere her course the Muse attends,
And, following close the Briskha's rattle,
Pursues her to the press of battle,
I crave permission for expressing
My parting wishes, and my blessing.
Heaven send, to sooth her chaperon's cares,
Presumptive and expectant heirs ;

And 'midst them that less frequent treasure,
A partner who can keep the measure !
May others still remain enraged
To find her through the night engaged ;
May locks at mid-day curled, at two
Remain untouch'd by damp or dew,
Which make all tresses droop and drip so,
The curl'd, the crêpé, and Calypso !
My charm is said, my blessing done ;
I trust not idly breathed on one
Whom Nature, Maradan, and Kitching
Have toil'd alike to make bewitching.

—

Oh, Maradan ! thy fame refuses
The utmost efforts of the Muses ;
For, not like mine, thy midnight taper
Was lit for waste of ink and paper,
But for those works which Pallas loved,
For which her zeal the goddess proved,
By quickly changing to a spider
The luckless rival who defied her.
For weeks within thy shop, they say,
Thy maidens turn'd the night to day ;
Assistants and élèves were tired,
And countless 'prentices expired ;

Needle in hand, 'tis said, they died on,
Till every dress was shaped and tried on—
Till flounce and flower had found their station,
And every gown its destination.

Oh ! why, but for the sad prevention
Of my unfortunate invention,
Why, but to bother, vex, and bore me,
Did Moore perform my task before me ?
Why did he ever make us hear
Of Nourmahal or of Cashmere ?
Oh ! why has poet e'er composed
A strain so sweet and so be-rosed,

When I have need to count the noses
Of all the words which rhyme to roses,
Before I e'en can sketch the charm
Of thy solemnity, Boyle Farm !

So at the Opera, at a venture,
Some fair one's box perchance we enter,
And find one seated to his mind there,
Him whom we least would wish to find there ;
The man whose speech's dangerous powers
We think alone can master ours ;
The man who leaves each topic dry,
Then flings it down for us to try ;

Who pillages of wit and zest
Our own anticipated jest ;
With pity and composure treats us ;
In short, who in a canter beats us.

Thus, in my own case, ill I brook
To see thy author, Lalla Rookh,
Before I e'en have started at her,
Close seated by my subject-matter.
I wish to heaven we had them here,
Dear Moore, your beauties of Cashmere !
If at Boyle Farm I once could catch them,
And did not in ten seconds match them,

Let those for whom I sing disown me,
And like the Bacchanalians stone me.

Yes, bring her here, the flower of all,
The caliph's favourite, Nourmahal ;
She who now hangs upon my arm
Shall meet and match her, charm for charm,
Though none can say, that by selection
I offer'd her that arm's protection ;
And none can call my terms unfair
If chance has placed the loveliest there.
Let Lawrence judge—my life upon it,
The turban yields it to the bonnet.

Though 'tis the right of our profession
Still from digression to digression
To stray, reflection summons back
My Muse to gain her proper track.
First let that Muse impartial state,
When coaches have discharged their freight,
When through the grounds the guests have
 stray'd,
And each preparative survey'd,
Why are such wistful glances sent
To yonder regimental tent.
The fairy Peri Banou gave
That tent to her young prince, the slave

Of more than mortal beauty's spells,

As old Arabia's legend tells.

I know not by what chance the Blues

Have stepp'd into Prince Ahmed's shoes.

It once sufficed for Eastern nations

To smoke their pipes and eat their rations ;

The sultan, court, and all the forces,

Here ate, and slept, and held discourses ;

But to a peace establishment

The Blues reduced this mighty tent,

And Gunter lays around its poles

His covers for five hundred souls.

With Byron's hero I agree
In this. ' My tent is more to me
Than is that deck'd conservatory,
Where peers and princes, in their glory,
Partake the feast, and see their state
Reflected back from fretted plate ;
Where those who lately made a din
By throwing corn out, throw it in.
I have no wish to dine by ticket ;
I love to wander, and to nick it,
And gain by stratagem or skill
The very chair I wish to fill.

Here freedom reigns, no George and garter
From me with solemn bow can part her,
Whose smiles, not lessen'd by champagne,
Inspire as now my harmless strain,
And for the moment brighter make me
Than that for which most mortals take me.
I love, 'mid noise of forks and dishes,
To speak my sentiments and wishes.
When Midas to the reeds preferr'd them,
The sedges blabb'd, and all men heard them.
But with a whisper not too loud,
And head towards the cutlet bow'd,

I keep each ear but one from gleaning
The least iota of my meaning.
How reason's power, how logic's force,
Increases in the second course !
How tongues are loosed, so late unable
To stir when fish was on the table !
If 'twere, as it is not, my cue
Some gentle object to pursue,
I ask no strange advantage sequent
On something wondrous or unfrequent ;
I ask not in the dangerous wave
First to upset her, then to save ;

I ask not midnight's silent hour,
The perfumed air, the moonlit bower,
(Though these were useful aids to seize on,
For passion's triumph over reason,)
Of all the twenty-four to win her,
Grant me, kind Heaven, the hour of dinner !

'Tis evening now, the sun is sinking,
To warn us from protracted drinking.
Yon lighted, boarded, chalk'd pavilion
Is destined for the gay cotillon.

How with an Eastern air it stands,
Like some gay hall on Ganges' sands
Reminding veterans from India
Of Dowla, Ragonaut, and Scindiah,
And halls where Rajahs of Benares
Are wont to play their dull vagaries !
No dull ones ours ; not e'en to me,
Who since the gout has seized my knee
Have ceased my dancing. Still I love
To beat the measure as they move,
And fix a critic glance on those
Whose awkward limbs and leaden toes

Still while they live must fail to find it,
Still dart before, or lag behind it,
And baffle music's choicest sounds
By wily turns and desperate bounds.

Then stray we for awhile to hear
The strong-limb'd, green-capp'd mountaineer,
Or yield at once the melting soul
To Caradori's barcarolle ;
Or while from shore the mortals stare on,
Let me accept the place of Charon,
And raise, while joyous souls I ferry,
The lay of my enchanted wherry.

“ See, my bark has long been waiting,

Prompt to sail at beauty’s call;

Hush your scruples, cease debating,

Enter, there is room for all;

But her builder never meant her

To receive the vulgar throng :

Wit, and song, and beauty, enter;

Gaily then she glides along.

“ Ask not what my bark can carry;

Ask not how she steers her way;

Starry lamps, and eyes more starry,

Guide the helmsman on his way.

From the rising waters shrink not,
Though too nearly they approach ;
Wit, and song, and beauty, sink not,
Though rebellious waves encroach.

“ There are voices here to charm them,
And the eyes which they reflect,
Of their terrors can disarm them ;—
See, the waves have learnt respect.
Now sit fast : the chain I sever,
Which confines us to the shore,
Hearts of lighter burden never
Laughing Pleasure's lifeboat bore.

“ Pleasure’s gayest chaplets crown us ;

What can then awake our fears ?

A sigh might sink, a tear might drown us ;

What to us are sighs or tears ?

If amidst us Care be coiling,

Find the deepest pool for him ;

Plunge him where its depths are boiling ;

Fear no murder—Care can swim.

“ Care would call me vagrant, rover,

Ask me where I shaped my course.

Seize the miscreant ! fling him over !

Answering him would make me hoarse.

Fear not. None have ever found me
Doubtful where to lead my crew;
By the eyes which beam around me
I can read the compass true.

“ Float we now by yonder willow ;
Never dew-bespangled trees,
Bending low to kiss the billow,
Wept such radiant drops as these :
Scarcely so bright in her lamenting
Eye of widow'd love appears ;
Eyes of Magdalen repenting
Shone less brightly through her tears.

"To receive the stream we float on

Would the sea did not exist;

Would that I might urge my boat on

Still for ever where I list!

But the voice whose spell, delighting,

First seduced me from the shore,

Now to new pursuits inviting,

Bids me moor my bark once more."

And hark! a novel sound surprises;

In air the warning rocket rises.

'Twas thus, on Leipzig's awful night,

When warring Europe paused in fight,

The fiery sign mysterious rose,
Ill understood by all but those
Who knew by previous information ;
It told them that another nation,
With forward Blucher in its ranks,
Was station'd on Napoleon's flanks.

How quick that warning sound has made
A desert of each lonely glade !
Each silent walk and half-lit alley
Are dull as Johnson's happy valley ;
Forlorn of every living thing
The Indian cottage and the spring.

In one be-shawl'd, be-feather'd cluster,
Upon the river's banks they muster,
To view, not glimpses of the new light,
But rocket, Catherine-wheel, and blue-light.
Thus, when some leader, to make good
His station, fills a neighbouring wood
With those insidious troops in green,
Whose powers are sooner felt than seen ;
If suddenly his own position
The foe should threaten with perdition,
The bugle sounds ; o'er all the plain
The scatter'd masses close again ;

Kicking their steeds with all their feet,

The skirmishing hussars retreat,

Resume the sabre from the side,

And sling the carbine as they ride.

Then from the bristling square once more

The musquetry's collected roar,

In one tremendous chorus, stifles

The drooping fire of scatter'd rifles.

Triumphs of carbon and of nitre,

None ever saw or wished ye brighter!

How sweet, for those like me, who love

To catch the moments as they move,

To watch the coruscations buoy'd
An instant on the murky void,
The next, by gravitation's power,
Melt in their gorgeous golden shower!
But most I love to turn and gaze
On all that mimic day displays,
On eyes that watch that fiery levin,
And saint-like glances turn'd to heaven,
Brows to the fleeting glare exposed,
And lips in rapture half unclosed.

'Tis thus my recollection paints
The sight of Milan's thousand saints.

Martyn and monk, each sculptured form,

Lie by the tapers of the storm.

Though thunder-drops were round me plashing,

I cease to watch the lightning's flashing,

What was a momentary brightness

Is now its marble whiteness.

And for my tyre!

Has spent its fire,

To expire.

All in

Rolling;

Yet shall the parting bard his due
Absolve, illustrious five, to you !
The warmest thanks in verse the dullest,
And may the open hand be fullest ;
May all your purses, such my wish is,
Be unexhaust'd as your dishes ;
May better bards arise than me
To sing thy praises, A——y,
And sing those too in strains befitting,
Who, naught forgetting or omitting,
Concentrated, with magic powers,
A year's amusement in six hours.

THE END.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN
Public Subscription Library,

26, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

(Formerly the Banking House of Sir Claude Scott, Bart.
& Co. removed.)

EDWARD BULL begs respectfully to acquaint the Public, that this new and valuable Library, comprising the best Books in the various Languages, is appropriated to the use of Subscribers exclusively. It will be found, he flatters himself, in no respects inferior to any similar establishment; in many, it possesses superior advantages, more especially in the *prompt supply of all new Publications*. The Catalogue may be had on application.

TERMS.

Subscribers paying *5l. 5s.* the Year; *3l. 3s.* the Half Year; or *1l. 16s.* the Quarter; are allowed 12 Volumes in Town, or 24 in the Country, and are entitled to three or four of the newest and most expensive Works in the Library.

Subscribers paying *4l. 4s.* the Year; *2l. 12s. 6d.* the Half Year; or *1l. 11s. 6d.* the Quarter; are entitled to 8 Volumes in Town, or 16 in the Country, but not to the new Works of the larger and more expensive sizes.

Books sent to Subscribers in all parts of the United Kingdom, or the Continent, and in any Quantity, by paying a proportionate Subscription.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

